

HIS BUSY NIGHT

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins



CHRISTMAS Eve was always a busy night for Mr. Thomas Patterson. He had invariably done the biggest business of the year at that time, except for three successive Christmases spent under the conservative regime of the penitentiary.

Mr. Patterson was frankly, and he did not take from the poor; he had never found that worth while. His victims were always those who could afford to lose—and to have. It cannot be claimed that he belonged to the chivalric type that abandons loot in order to save the baby, or, touched by feminine gentleness, returns gems by mail the next day. Nor was he the burly ruffian for whom the timid look nightly under the bed. A little black grease, and he might have passed for a plumber's assistant.

It was not ignorance of the hours kept by the rich that started him out as early as ten o'clock that evening. Tom read the society columns to good purpose; he knew that if the Kittidges were giving a Christmas Eve ball, among those present would assuredly be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Whitmore and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Whitmore, who would probably be charming in rose chiffon and pearls. This meant that the Whitmore house would be empty of the Whitmores that evening. A careful inquiry into the ways of the Whitmore servants suggested that most of them would be off the moment the carriage had left the door. It looked such a pleasant opening that Tom decided not to take a confederate with him, but softly let himself in by a window in a shadowed angle, selected earlier in the day.

He found himself in a dining-room, dark except for the light in the hall beyond. Riches glimmered dimly on the sideboard, but Tom seldom bothered with plate. Crossing the room with the noiseless agility of a cat, he passed by the door.

The silence was absolute; not even the ticking of a clock could be heard. After three minutes his head drew back with somewhat the movement of a turtle's, his jaws came together, and he deliberately scuffed one foot along the polished floor, producing a dull, indefinite sound that might mean anything. Again the tense listening; then, with a businesslike quietness wholly free from slinking, he crossed the hall and went swiftly up the great, dim stairs.

The Whitmore Christmas presents, still lurking in drawers and desks, offered an unusually wide selection, and Tom browsed peacefully among them for half an hour. Then, adding to his pocket collection Miss Evangeline's jewel case and two hundred dollars from Mr. Whitmore's desk, he slipped down the stairs again and made the mistake of pausing in the dimly lighted drawing-room to see if he had overlooked anything important.

It was just the faintest little mouse-like click, but it meant a latch-key in the front door, not twenty feet away, and Tom had to act on the instant. The only refuge was a heavy plush curtain suggesting a concealed door, and he darted behind its folds. The door was locked on the other side.

The front door had opened now, and any change of position was impossible. Tom blessed his leanness, finding that by standing straight in the narrow space he made no perceptible bulge in the plush. With his pocket knife he deftly slit a peephole in time to see a young woman come with quick, cautious steps into the room. Obviously this was Miss Evangeline.

She was panting a little, her hands pressed nervously together, her teeth working at the lower lip. She began to pace up and down, very softly, with tense excitement in every line. Suddenly she paused, listening, her eyes directed straight at the plush hanging. Tom, nervous for a feminine shriek, poised himself in readiness to set out at the first note; but she turned and went swiftly to the front door. An instant later she came back with a young man.

"Well!" said the newcomer quickly. She drew away from the arm he had put about her.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" She laid imploring hands on his arm.

"But do you think father is tyrannical? That it's silly to wait three years, when we're sure now? That we have a right to do it, if we're willing to be poor—and all that?"

"I can't tell what I think. I want,

you so much that I don't trust my own judgment. It has seemed to me that he was—unfair. I could be bolder if only I didn't realize how utterly unworthy—"

"Don't!" She ran to him, and he took her into his arms.

"Now I will run and get on another dress; you wait here," she said. "And, dear, I am going to bring my jewels. They are truly mine, and if we are too poor—"

"I hate to have you take them," he protested.

Tom also hated to have her take them. The case was at that moment in his right-hand pocket, together with several other trifles from her dressing table.

"I'll be back in five minutes," she was saying, drawing away reluctant hands.

When she had gone as far as the door, Tom took charge of the situation. He threw back the curtain, lifting a cautioning hand at her faint scream.

"If you want to keep this quiet from the servants, no row, please," he said with dignity. "I'm sorry, young fellow, but I'm a detective employed by the lady's papa to stop this very thing—see? I have to do my duty."

The young man stared helplessly, Miss Evangeline clutching at his coat.

"But—but—" he stammered.

"You see, the old gentleman got wind of it and asked me to step around," Tom explained. "He don't want any fuss."

The young man's color had changed from dismayed white to angry red.

"I will not," he said clearly. "If he does that sort of thing—"

"Exactly," echoed Evangeline proudly. "We will wait till my father comes home, and have it out with him. Detective, indeed!"

They sat down on the couch and glared at Tom. It made him uneasy.

"Look here," he began confidently, "you seem like a pretty nice young couple, and I ain't one to spoil sport. If you want to skin out just as you are now, inside of sixty seconds, I don't know but I might—look the other way, see?"

"We don't wish anything of the kind," said Miss Evangeline haughtily. The young man merely stared; he was evidently preparing speeches for her father. Tom edged toward the door.

"Well, I dunno as I need to wait, then. Family rows is for the family only, I say. I done my job, and—"

"Hold up!" commanded the young man. "I wish you to stay. Here!"

Three swift steps had taken Tom to the front door. He clutched it open—and nearly landed in the arms of Miss Evangeline's mother and father. Their portly presence left no loophole.

"Thought I'd save you finding your key, sir," he said. "I done my job—but the young folks is pretty mad."

"When it comes to shadowing us with a detective, sir," the young man began imposingly; then temper overthrew dictation. "I'm hanged if I'll stand for it!" he burst out.

"Detective? Are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

Tom fell back a step toward the dining-room. "Oh, if you want to go back on me, sir, I ain't nothing to say. But I stopped this here elopement and I've earned my pay. I'll call for it to-morrow."

He achieved another step. Mr. Whitmore seemed short of breath.

"Elopement? Detective? Good God, Vangy, I never hired a detective in my life. It's some infernal blunder!"

"Well, here he is," said Miss Evangeline coldly. "If you will let us get married, we'll overlook it. Otherwise—"

She drew herself up, and Tom achieved another step. The old gentleman's temper began to show signs of wear.

"Marry any one you please! But for mercy's sake don't say I—"

A scuffle and a crash interrupted. A whirling heap on the floor resolved itself into Tom Patterson on his back, with Miss Evangeline's lover kneeling on his chest, a hand at his throat.

"Sorry to make a row," apologized the young man breathlessly, "but I caught on just in time. He's a sneak thief!"

"You seem to be a—fairly up-and-coming young fellow," stammered Mr. Whitmore.

"Look a here, Mr. Whitmore," broke in Tom peaceably, "you don't want all this in the papers."

"All what, you scoundrel?"

"Elopement in the Four Hundred—Miss Evangeline Whitmore, daughter of—see? Now you got the swag, you got the girl; what more d'you want? Outside a police court, I ain't likely to talk. You think about it."

His captors did think about it, with dismayed faces. The two women on the stairs exchanged horrified glances. Mr. Whitmore pinched his chin, scowled, sighed, then nodded heavily. Slowly and reluctantly, the last pocket emptied, the young man arose from Tom's chest.

Two minutes later Mr. Thomas Patterson, hurrying through the dark, smiled to himself as he inserted careful fingers into a remote crevasse of his structure, where the contribution from Mr. Whitmore's desk still lurked in a compact wad.

"They didn't know I had that," he reflected, "but I guess I'll keep it for hush money. Two hundred dollars is more'n that young dude earns in an evening, anyhow!"

(Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

GAMMON TO SUCCEED ELDREDGE

Local Democrats Surprised When News of Nomination of Assayer Is Received

Washington, Dec. 23.—The president today nominated Charles Gammon, assistant assayer of the Salt Lake City assay office to be assayer to succeed Joseph U. Eldredge Jr., the present incumbent.

Gammon who was a resident of Colorado was appointed assistant assayer from the state of Utah. It is not known what his politics are, and his nomination was made at the instance and upon the recommendation of the treasury department and without regard to the recommendation of the local Democratic organization. His salary of \$1800 per annum as assistant will be increased to \$3000 as assayer. It is expected there will be no opposition to Gammon's confirmation from the Utah senators.

It is believed the nominations of Ray and Nebeker for the places of district attorney and marshal respectively, will reach the senate this week. The action of the department of justice in submitting their names to the president is deemed equivalent to a nomination as the procedure in the White House in cases of this kind is mainly routine.

The appointment of Mr. Gammon came as a distinct surprise to local Democrats inasmuch as his application, which was filed in Washington shortly after the resignation of J. U. Eldredge Jr., did not have the recommendation of any of the party leaders of the state. It was generally supposed locally that the place would be given to John W. Geiger, who had been endorsed by the state committee and by National Committeeman W. R. Wallace.

Mr. Gammon is a practical assayer and came to Salt Lake from Denver ten years ago. He lives at 379 Tenth avenue.

The action of President Wilson is believed to indicate that the assay office will remain in Salt Lake and that it foreshadows a policy of having practical assayers at the head of such offices.

Mr. Gammon last night had not received official notification of his appointment and was not prepared to make any announcement of his future conduct of the office to which he has been appointed.

MUST PAY FOR LOST U. S. MAIL

Union Pacific Suffers Damages From Wreck in 1905

Salt Lake, Dec. 18.—The government was victorious in the federal district court in its suit against the Union Pacific railway company for value of registered mail and mail equipment destroyed in a wreck which occurred in 1905. Judge John A. Marshall yesterday morning, instructing the jury to find for the government a total recovery of \$5788.05. The jury returned the verdict without leaving the box. Immediately after the close of the trial, George H. Smith, one of the railroad attorneys, announced that an immediate appeal would be taken to the Eighth circuit court of appeals on a writ of error.

Judge Marshall's instructions for a government verdict came after consideration of a motion made Monday by the railroad for an instructed verdict in favor of the defense. This motion was argued Monday afternoon and taken under consideration until yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

In denying the motion and instructing for the government, the court held that the statute of limitations urged by the railroad attorneys as a bar to recovery of the mail value, was inoperative, as, in his opinion the government was acting in a sovereign capacity and not especially as agent for the persons who registered the lost mail. He also held that the act providing for a fine upon railroads losing United States mail was not intended by congress as an exclusive remedy. He also declared that railroad companies are responsible for the negligence of their agents.

The government asked in its complaint for \$12,395.59 as total value of mail in the stipulation made before the court Monday. Insisted only on \$5,402.48 as the value of the registered mail and \$385.57 mail equipment value. This total, \$5,788.05, was granted by the court.

The suit is important in that only one other case of its kind has ever come before the courts in the United States. The other case was the United States against the Atlantic Coast Line Railway Company. It was decided in the North Carolina federal district court in favor of the railroad company and is now before the Fourth circuit court of appeals on a writ of error filed by the government.

FARMERS COMPLAIN OF 'BEET' REVENUE

Salt Lake, Dec. 23.—The affiliated Commercial clubs of Salt Lake county met last night at Study, principally for the purpose of discussing present conditions of the sugar-beet industry. There were present representatives from the commercial clubs of Taylorville, Crescent, Murray, Sandy and Salt Lake. J. W. McHenry of Murray, president of the organization presided.

Most of the time was occupied with the consideration of the complaint that farmers are not receiving as much for their beets in Utah as in adjoining states. The prevailing price here is \$1.50 per ton for beets having 15 per cent saccharine, whereas it is asserted that in other states as high as \$4.25 is paid for the same beets. There is also somewhat of a demand that testing of the beets to determine the percentage of saccharine should be made not only by the sugar companies but by an impartial expert.

After considerable discussion a committee was appointed to investigate prices of beets and also the matter of who should make the test. It was the sense of the meeting to be absolutely fair to both the farmers and the factories. Another meeting was determined upon for January 6 at Sandy to hear representations of the factories present their side.

This subject disposed of, the question of the congested street car traffic between Murray, Midvale and Sandy was discussed. A committee was appointed to investigate the possibility of securing extra cars to relieve the congestion.

Just before the adjournment H. C. Carpenter, assistant secretary of the Utah Development league, gave a short talk on the advantages of organization and affiliation.

SAYS HER HUSBAND IS DRIVING HER INSANE

Salt Lake, Dec. 23.—Charging that her husband's actions are driving her insane and that unless she finds relief her reason will be destroyed, Clara Crockett filed suit in the district court yesterday for divorce from O. David Crockett. Cruelty is the ground of action.

It is averred in the complaint that Crockett tortures his wife and insults her by his attentions to other women. When other women call him on the telephone at nights, according to the complaint, Crockett leaves his wife and sometimes does not come back until the following morning.

HEED THE WARNING

Many Logan People Have Done So

When the kidneys are weak they give unmistakable warnings that should not be ignored. By examining the urine and treating the kidneys upon the first sign of disorder, many days of suffering may be saved. Weak kidneys usually expel a dark ill-smelling urine, full of brickdust sediment and painful in passage. Sluggish kidneys often cause a dull pain in the small of the back, headaches, dizzy spells, tired, languid feelings and frequent rheumatic twinges.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. There is no better recommended remedy. Logan people endorse Doan's Kidney Pills.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY RATES

Via Oregon Short Line. Tickets on sale between local points, December 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1913 and January 1, 1914; limit January 5, 1914. See agents for rates and further particulars. —Adv. d31

The best safeguard against croup is a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house. P. H. Ginn, Middlebury, Vt., writes: "My children are very susceptible to croup, easily catch cold. I give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and in every instance they get prompt relief and are soon cured. We keep it at home and prevent croup."—Co-op Drug Co.—Adv.

Doan's Regulents cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passage of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25c a box.—Adv.

NOTICE

The Logan temple will close on Wednesday, December 24, and reopen on Monday, January 5, 1914.

WILLIAM BUDGE, President.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY A. C. McCLURG & CO.

BOARD IS NAMED BY FEDERAL COURT TO EXAMINE THAW

Opinion Sought On Question Whether His Liberty On Bail Would Be Dangerous

Concord, N. H., Dec. 23.—A commission to examine Harry K. Thaw to determine whether his liberty under bail would be dangerous to public safety was announced in a rescript issued by Judge Aldrich in the federal court today. The commission is to consist of Frank S. Streeter, Concord; Dr. Morton Prince, Boston; Dr. George A. Blumer, superintendent of Butler hospital for the insane, Providence, R. I., and Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, superintendent of the New Hampshire state hospital for the insane.

In the rescript which is on Thaw's application for admission to bail under the habeas corpus proceedings, Judge Aldrich says:

The commission is not appointed for the purpose of listening to experts upon an adversary hearing, and examinations as it sees fit to make as to Thaw's present condition; and whether he is insane or not, its opinion is sought upon the single and sole question whether it is reasonable, probable that his liberty under bail would be dangerous to the public peace and safety.

The rescript adds that it is not intended that there should be a broad trial upon the general question of insanity because it is not the purpose to embarrass any subsequent litigation where that question might be involved.

The theory of the New York courts being that Thaw's custody at Matteawan was not as punishment for crime, but for recovery to harmless or non-dangerous mental poise, and that the question of recovery is one which is to be treated as always open, the answer to the question of mental poise in respect to public danger is the only one upon which the opinion of the commission is sought, says the rescript.

It will be open to the commission to give interested parties an opportunity to offer evidence in respect to acts if any, since Thaw's commitment to Matteawan, tending to show personal violence. This, says the court, will of course include the evidence of the United States marshal and the sheriff who have recently had Thaw in keeping.

When the report of the commission is presented the parties may have leave to be heard on the question of bail.

MISSING MAN FOUND IN THE COUNTY JAIL

Salt Lake, Dec. 23.—J. A. Williams who recently purchased an interest in the Phillips Cash Grocery store at 764 West Second South street and then disappeared, was located yesterday in the county jail, where he was serving a four months sentence. It developed that Williams had pleaded guilty to a charge of having presented two worthless checks on the National Bank of the Republic, where he had no deposit. Wednesday, Judge Tanner sentenced him to four months in the county jail.

City detectives noted that the man's name was the same as that of the man whom Phillips had reported as disappearing. Yesterday Phillips went to the county jail and found that it was his partner who was in jail. Williams when on trial had not mentioned his business partner or the fact that he had money on deposit at the Utah State National bank and Walker Bros. bank. He simply pleaded guilty and went to jail.

It is believed that he was temporarily deranged, or had forgotten the names of the banks where he had funds. He came here recently from Springfield, Mo. As a result of the discovery Mr. Phillips arranged with the county attorney for the payment of two checks passed by Williams and the latter was released into the custody of Phillips.

It was over, yet that little body of troopers dared not remain. About them still, although demoralized and defeated, circled an overwhelming mass of savages capable of crushing them to death, when they again rallied and consolidated. Custer did the only thing possible. Turning loose the pony herd, gathering his captives close, he swung his compact command into marching column. Before the scattered tribes could rally for a second attack, with flankers out, and skirmishers in advance, the cavalymen rode straight down the valley toward the retreating hostiles. It was a bold and desperate move, the commander's object being to impress upon the Indian chiefs the thought of his utter fearlessness, and to create the impression that the Seventh would never dare such a thing if they did not have a larger force behind. With flags unfurled, and the band playing, the troopers swept on. The very mad audacity of the movement struck terror into the hearts of the warriors, and they broke and fled. As darkness fell the survivors of the Seventh rode alone, amid the silent desolation of the plains.

Halting a moment for rest under shelter of the river bank, Custer hastily wrote his report and sent for Hamlin. The latter approached and stood motionless in the red glare of the single camp-fire. The impetuous commander glanced up inquiringly.

"Sergeant, I must send a messenger to Camp Supply. Are you fit to go?"

"As much as anyone, General Custer," was the quiet response. "I have no wounds of consequence."

"Very well. Take the fastest horse in the command, and an Osage guide. You know the country, but he will be of assistance. I have written a very brief report; you are to tell Sheridan personally the entire story. We shall rest here two hours, and then proceed slowly along the trail. I anticipate no further serious fighting. You will depart at once."

"Very well, sir," the Sergeant saluted, and turned away, waiting an instant to ask: "You have reported the losses, I presume?"

"Yes, the dead and wounded. There are some missing, who may yet come in. Major Elliott and fourteen others are still unaccounted for." He paused. "By the way, Sergeant, while you are with Sheridan, explain to him who you are—he may have news for you. Good night, and good luck."

He stood up and held out his hand. In surprise, his eyes suddenly filling with tears, Hamlin felt the grip of his fingers. Then he turned, unable to articulate a sentence, and strode away into the night.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY RATES
Via Oregon Short Line. Tickets on sale between local points, December 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1913 and January 1, 1914; limit January 5, 1914. See agents for rates and further particulars. —Adv. d31

J. F. Schirmeister
CHEAP SALE
—ON—
WALL PAPER
151 S. Main Phone 393W

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS
ARE MORE ENDURING
Than ANY STONE
by **WRITING**
DESIGNS & PRICES
MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN
or inquire from
Thos Allsop
Smithfield, Utah

Mrs. Ann L. Cowley, 70 North 5th West Street, Logan, Utah, says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy and will say that people can place entire confidence in them. I have seen what Doan's Kidney Pills will do right in my family. You may send anyone to me for confirmation of this statement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Adv.